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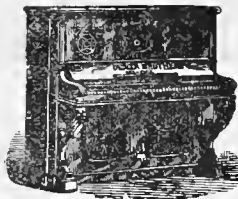
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YOUNG PEOPLE'S HISTORY OF THE HEBREWS.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 549.)

THE king, or Pharaoh, whose name was Rameses, finding that his plans were not working to secure the object he had in view, next bade the midwives of the land to kill all the male children of the Hebrew women as soon as born. The midwives feared God and did not obey Pharaoh, whose next edict was that all the male Hebrew children should be thrown into the river. It was during the enforcement of this cruel law that Moses was born, his brother Aaron being three years old at his birth.

His mother, thinking to save him from the minions of Pharaoh, built an ark of bulrushes, put the infant in it, and hid him among the reeds of the river, leaving his sister Miriam to watch what became of him.

The daughter of Pharaoh, with her maidens, came down to the river to bathe. She discovered the infant, adopted him as her own son and he was brought up in the court of Pharaoh with his own mother as nurse.

When Moses was grown to manhood he

went to look upon his brethren, the Hebrews, at their work. While musing upon their wrongs, he saw an Egyptian smiting a Hebrew. This was more than he could bear, so he killed the Egyptian and hid his body in the sand. When this became known to Pharaoh he sought to take away the life of Moses; but Moses fled and dwelt in the land of the Midianites. Here he was the means of aiding the seven daughters of Reuel or Jeth-



THE FINDING OF MOSES.

ro, a priest, who kept their father's flocks, and for that reason was invited to dwell with the family.

He married Zipporah, one of the daughters of Reuel, and she bore him a son, whom they

called Gershom, meaning "a stranger in a strange land." In a few years the king of Egypt died, and another came to the throne. He continued the persecutions against the Israelites until their burdens became unendur-

manded him to go and deliver Israel, promising to be with them and bring them up out of Egypt into the land of Canaan, a land "flowing with milk and honey." He gave to Moses the power of performing miracles,



THE BURNING BUSH.

able, and they cried to the Lord for deliverance.

Moses kept his father-in-law's flocks and dwelt by Mount Horeb. Here the Lord, having heard the prayers of His children, appeared to him in a burning bush and com-

whereby the Israelites might know his mission was of God. Moses being slow of speech, his brother Aaron was appointed spokesman for him.

They journeyed back to Egypt, and Moses went before the king and told him the Lord

had commanded that His people should go three days' journey into the wilderness and hold a feast unto Him. Pharaoh was angry at this and would not let the people go, but increased their tasks, requiring them, without straw, to make as many brick as when he allowed them that article. When they could not do this they were cruelly beaten and otherwise ill-used. Moses and Aaron entreated of Pharaoh many times to let the people go, performing many miracles before him that he might know that it was the will of God that they should go. Some of these miracles the Egyptian magicians, assisted by the evil one, could also perform; some of them they could not. But Pharaoh's heart was hardened. The Hebrews made such good servants that he was loth to let them leave the country.

The Lord then sent grievous plagues upon the land, plagues of frogs, of lice, of flies, of murrain of beasts, of hail and of locusts; also of thick darkness for three days and nights. Each time Pharaoh would promise to let the people go if Moses would entreat the Lord to stay the plague, and each time when the plague was removed would he harden his heart and refuse to let them depart.

The time was now near when the Lord proposed that His people should leave Egypt and go into their own land, whether Pharaoh consented or not. Therefore He changed the beginning of the year to the 14th day of the month Sivan (the 4th of May with us), and instituted the passover. On the evening of that day every Hebrew family was commanded to kill a male lamb without blemish, and with its blood sprinkle the sides and upper door posts of their houses, that the angel of death when passing through the land to destroy the first born of the Egyptians, might pass over without harm the families of the Hebrews. Part of the flesh of the lamb could be eaten and part was to be burned by fire.

In memory of this their deliverance they were commanded to hold a feast every year at the same date, at which nothing but unleavened bread was to be eaten for seven

days. This feast was to be called the Feast of the Passover, because the angel of death had *passed over* the houses of those who had the mark of the blood of the lamb on their lintels.

On the night of the 15th of the month Sivan, the greatest and last plague fell upon the land of Egypt. At midnight the first born of all the Egyptians, from Pharaoh down to his meanest subject, were smitten with death. Not even the animals belonging to them escaped. Then there was a great wail of despair went up from the land, and the Egyptians rose up in the night and drove the Israelites out. They were glad enough to leave, even on such short notice. There were 600,000 of them, besides the children, who were thus freed from bondage after sojourning four hundred and thirty years in Egypt, from the time that Israel went there to dwell during the seven years' famine until their exodus in the year 1491 B. C. They took with them their flocks and herds, together with all their possessions.

Led by Moses and Aaron, they journeyed in the direction of Succoth and the Red Sea. They were directed in their course by a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night, which went before them in the wilderness.

After their departure, Pharaoh repented having let them go and pursued after them with six hundred chariots and a great host of soldiers. When the Israelites, encamped on the shores of the Red Sea, saw the Egyptian army coming, they murmured against Moses and cried for deliverance. The cloud removed behind them, hiding them from the view of the enemy. Then Moses, commanded by the voice of God, stretched forth his rod and the waters of the Red Sea were parted, forming walls on each side of a highway, and the Israelites passed over dry shod. When they were all over, the cloud removed from behind them and Pharaoh saw with amazement what had taken place.

Thinking they could as well cross over as the Israelites, Pharaoh's hosts plunged in after them. No sooner were they all in the



MOUNT SINAI.

bed of the sea than the waters came together again and the whole army was destroyed, not a man returning to tell the story.

Thus the Lord demonstrated His power to

a nation of idolators, at the same time saving His chosen ones from threatened destruction. When the children of Israel beheld how miraculously they had been saved, there was

great joy and thanksgiving. Miriam, the prophetess, and all the Hebrew women, with timbrels in their hands, sang and danced for joy, the burden of their song being :

"Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously;
The horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea."

The wanderings of the Israelites in the wilderness from this time until they entered the promised land of Canaan, lasted for forty years. During this time they made no fires, but were fed with manna from heaven. This they gathered fresh every morning except on the Sabbath, gathering enough the day before to last two days. Moses, inspired by the Lord, was their prophet and law-giver.

The laws were in the form of ten commandments, written by the finger of God upon tables of stone. To procure these, Moses had been called up into Mount Sinai, where he remained forty days. On his return he found the people worshipping a golden calf, made at their behest by Aaron from the golden ornaments they received from the Egyptians. Their idolatry so enraged Moses that he broke the tables of stone, and caused three thousand of the main offenders to be put to death by the hands of the Levites. Moses then made new tables of stone and carried up into the mountain, and the Lord renewed His covenant on condition that they make no more leagues with the Canaanites and would keep His laws.

The Lord now commanded Moses to build a tabernacle which could be carried with them in their wanderings and in which the ordinances of their religion could be performed. In combination with these were to be the ark of the covenant, an altar, a table of shew-bread, candlesticks and other utensils and vessels used in sacrifice. The patterns for all these were given Moses by the Lord, together with those of the priest's garments.

The tabernacle finished, it was set up and anointed with holy oil. Aaron and his sons were called and set apart to officiate in the offices of the tabernacle.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

GLOBE GLEANINGS.

TRAINING OF ROYAL CHILDREN.

ONE peculiarity of some of the royal families is to burden the children with a great many names.

Thus, the children of Queen Donna Maria de Gloria, of Portugal numbered seven, and had one hundred and fifteen names distributed among them, or about sixteen each on an average.

But this matter of liberality in names is not pronounced in royal families, or at least not by any means to the same extent as in this particular instance. And, indeed, it would perhaps be difficult to say what practice with regard to the early type of royalty is general, unless it be the serious study of etiquette, the punctilious observance of all the laws of which is one of the first things taught to the young members of reigning families.

Thus it happens that royal children bear themselves very coolly in public, and while they acknowledge every act or mark of courtesy shown to them, carefully graduate the acknowledgments to suit the different ranks in life.

In some courts a further step is taken by making royal children accustomed at an early age to all the pomps of royalty and the glories and terrors of war. Visitors to Russia have recorded the amusement they felt to see a baby in long clothes borne by a drum major at the head of the regiment that the child was supposed to command.

It would be a mistake to suppose, however, that this early training is always successful in obliterating the traits of character common to childhood. Royal children are, indeed, at bottom pretty much like other children. The prince imperial of France, when ten years old, was seized with a desire to join some lads whom he saw snow-balling. Accordingly, he strolled out, and did not return until four hours afterward, when he found his parents almost frantic with terror, and learned that

a hundred detectives had been scouring Paris for him.

The little king of Rome, Napoleon I.'s son, once wanted to act pretty much in the same way, for he declared that he wished to take part in the juvenile pastime of mud-pies along with some dirty lads who were playing on one of the quays of the Seine.

In England the education of royalty does not differ greatly from that of a nobleman's son, except that the prince has much more to learn. Heirs apparent must nowadays be very far removed from dunces. Prince Albert Victor was educated at home until he was about thirteen years old, and was then sent with his brother on board the *Britannia* training ship. This was in 1877.

In 1879 the two princes embarked on board the corvette *Bacchante* for the Mediterranean, and in 1881 and 1882, as midshipmen of the same vessel, made a voyage round the world. About a year after their return Prince Edward's name was entered on the books of Trinity College, Cambridge.

It would be difficult to get a more pleasing picture of English domestic life than that which was afforded by the family of Queen Charlotte, consort of George III. Her children rose at six. Breakfast and lessons passed away the morning. Then all the young scions of nobility dined together in the presence of the king and queen, the food being homely and free from luxury.

The improvement of her children was one of the queen's favorite occupations. When they went out she accompanied them, and would never trust them from her sight: when they were in the nursery she and the king visited them, and every day she carefully examined their progress in learning.

The course of education pursued in the case of our royalty is very luxurious compared with that general in the case of most of the German princes, as may be judged by anecdotes told of the king of Bavaria. When crown prince, that ruler was made to live on beef and mutton, and his portion of the latter meat was never to exceed one chop. On

the day when he became king his first act of royal prerogative was singular. "I mean," said he to his equerry, "to have two mutton chops this morning."

The present ruler of Germany was in some respects trained with greater strictness than the king of Bavaria, though he was more fortunate than Frederick the Great, who was brought up with such brutality that Macaulay declared that *Oliver Twist*, in the parish workhouse, and *Smikey*, at *Dotheboys Hall*, were petted children in comparison with him. "At dinner the plates were hurled at his head; sometimes he was restricted to bread and water; sometimes he was forced to swallow food so nauseous that he could not keep it on his stomach. Once his father knocked him down, dragged him along the floor to a window and was with difficulty prevented from strangling him with the cord of a curtain."

The lines of William II. fell in pleasanter places. For eighteen months he studied at Bonn. Rising every morning at five or half past, he dined at midday. The dinner was small and short, consisting generally of two courses of meat some vegetables and dessert. His majesty, it is said, ate very little and drank only wine and water. During his stay at Bonn he went through the course of law, history, chemistry and political economy.

Afterward, in accordance with what has been the rule with Prussian princes for a century and a half, he was passed into the civil service, and for six months he made abstracts of papers, wrote *precises*, and went through all the routine with great assiduity. Finally he received further instructions in practical politics from Prince Bismarck.

It is the custom in the Prussian Royal family, as is well known, to apprentice every prince to some trade. The wisdom of this arrangement is obvious. In case of a revolution the prince would be able to earn his own living, just as during the first French revolution the Duke of Orleans (afterwards "King of the French," by the title of Louis-Philippe) earned his livelihood by becoming a schoolmaster in Switzerland.

TREATMENT BY TELEGRAPH.

We have heard of many benefits which have arisen from the use of the telegraph, but the following is a novelty among its numerous uses:

Mrs. Ogden Goelet, of New York, was at one time treated for typhoid fever by cable from Paris while lying in her sleeping chamber in her New York residence. Miss Gracie Wilson, Mrs. Goelet's sister, while in Paris had been successfully treated by a French physician who had never lost a case of typhoid fever, and when Mrs. Goelet was stricken with the disease this physician was communicated with by cable. He consented to treat Mrs. Goelet, and every day until her recovery his directions were flashed over the 3,000 miles of wire under the sea and were carried out in the sick-room in New York.

A BRAVE DEED.

A few mornings ago Frank Repp, an engineer on a Pennsylvania railroad performed an act of heroism which should cause his name to be ever kept in honored remembrance. It was one, too, which only the greatest presence of mind enabled him to do. His train was making a fast run when he looked out of his cab window and saw a beautiful young woman approaching on the track. He whistled an alarm, and she stepped lightly and gayly off the track his train was traveling to the other track.

But it was evident to the engineer that the noise of his train had drowned the roar of another train approaching from behind her in the opposite direction, and that she was unaware of her peril. He noted the several puffs of white smoke that swiftly arose from the locomotive bearing down upon her, but she evidently heard not the whistle's frequent warning of danger. Repp saw her death was certain unless he could in some way attract her attention to her peril. He waved his hand to her warningly, but she evidently misunderstood its meaning, for she slackened her pace, looking at him more earnestly.

He immediately reversed the lever and turned on the steam brakes with a suddenness that alarmed the passengers. He sprang to the side door of the cab, and before his locomotive had come to a standstill he leaped to the opposite track just as his engine got abreast of the young woman and the other locomotive had almost reached her.

With herculean strength and lightning swiftness he caught her up bodily and leaped with her beyond the tracks just as the other engine swept by. Then he sank to the ground, overcome by the effort and the narrowness of their escape. The passengers were loud in their praises of his heroic conduct, and the young woman was almost prostrated with the shock, while overcome with gratitude at the noble conduct of her preserver.

JAPANESE SELF-MURDER.

According to a recent Japanese return it appears that the great majority of persons committing suicide in Japan are over fifty years of age. Next on the list in respect of numbers come the suicides of persons living between twenty and thirty years of age. Of these the greater part turn their backs on the world in consequence of disappointed love. For suicides of all ages July is the favorite month. During the period of six years, from 1883, to 1888 inclusive, the number of suicides in the month of July ranged from 500 to 800, while the number during the remainder of the year averaged from 200 to 300 only.

A characteristic Japanese suicide occurred last year at the famous shrines at Nikko. An old lady of sixty went thither in August. Her circumstances were good; she had two sons in official positions and her home in Tokio was comfortable and happy. She spent two days at Nikko, visiting the various temples and places of note, and seemed bright and contented. But at daylight on the third morning she was found with her throat cut before a little shrine at the back of the temple of Iyemitsu.

From her satchel the police took a paper, wherein was set forth, briefly, but plainly, the motive of her suicide. It was very simple: she had loved Nikko and wished to die among its sacred groves. At her age the probability of being able to return there appeared remote. Therefore she availed herself of the present opportunity, and with kind farewells to those left behind made her exit.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S HORSES.—DUTCH ANIMALS.

The eight horses attached to Queen Victoria's coach used upon state occasions are of the famous Hanoverian breed—big, stalwart creams with ghastly wall-eyes; most folks pronounce them splendid specimens of equine beauty. These horses are still bred in Hanover, and the severest pains are taken to keep the stock pure. If at birth the colt is not a pure cream, or if subsequently it develops some defect, it is killed. In this way none but sound and distinct-colored horses are to be met with in this peculiar brand. In Hanover, however, all the horses are not first class; about fifty per cent. of the horses you see in the streets are slight and ill-shapen and bony creatures.

The Dutch horses seem to average better than those of any other nation; they are of noble size, of distinct color, and are strong, hardy and intelligent. Nearly all the horses you see in Holland are sleek, glossy and handsome. The Dutchman takes the best care of his horse. If the weather be inclement he leaves the horse at home in the warm stable and hitches up his wife and the family dog to the plough or to the farm wagon. In Germany the larger dogs are made to do service as drawers of small carts; a stout dog, properly broken, will outwork the average pony. Then, too, while the master is away the dog guards the property to which he is attached.

Weiss Wenig.

We must not hope to be mowers,
And gather the ripe, gold ears,
Until we have first been sowers
And watered the ground with tears.

UP FROM TRIBULATION.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 555.]

WILLARD'S road led through low hills and timber land, and he knew every inch of the way. The long summer twilight at last deepened into night, and he was still ten miles from Oatlands or from Marysvale.

How well he remembered the stately home of the Randolphs, the house situated on a rising knoll at the farther end of the valley or vale. The original two story stone building had received several additions, Mrs. Samuel Randolph having added just before he and Hortense were married, a stately modern wing with a high imposing tower. The wing and tower were of lumber, and although artistically fashioned, looked like a tall, modern stylish wife beside a staid, stout, old foggy husband. The house was surrounded with terraced walks and flowers, while groves and orchards lay at the base of the knoll, the road from the gate leading up through a row of beautiful elms.

His own little home, a mile from the stately home of Mrs. Randolph, had been almost given away; and Willard hardly knew which memory was the stronger, the happiness of the first four months spent therein, or the misery of the last two months, when he had been alone and deserted.

With a whispered prayer for God to lead him not only to Hortense, but also to her heart, he hurried along under the soft, infrequent gleam of the tender new moon.

He was just at the top of the little ridge which divided the Marysvale from the Rose Valley, when he thought he saw something skulking along under the pine trees at the roadside. He had refused to arm himself, feeling safer under the remembered prophecy of President Kimball, than with a mounted army. So now, for a moment he hesitated. Then in a bold, strong tone he called out,

"Halt!"

"Oh Lawd, deliber dy chile!" came from the now prostrate figure under the trees.

"Whose nigger are you, and what are you doing here?" asked Willard, sternly.

"Oh marsa, I'se a po' ole man wifout eider fader or moder, not even a missis now, fo' she's runned away."

"Whose nigger are you?" again demanded Willard.

"I'se been bo'n and raised by Missy Randolph, but she's gone an' lef' us all alone."

"Michael, is it you?" asked Willard. "I thought your voice was very familiar."

"Yes, marsa, dat's de name o' dis yere ole darky. Can yo' be po' Willie Gibbs, de boy who jined de Mo'mons and went to de debil?"

Without wasting time on explanations, Willard at once demanded to know what the old man was doing there, and how matters were in Oatlands.

"Befo' de Lawd," began the old man, trembling and crying pitifully, "I haint done nuffin 'bout it, fo' de Lawd, marsa. I'se runnin' clean away so I shan't have nuffin to do wif it."

It required a good deal of scolding and urging to get the old man to tell a straight story. But when he did get quieted down enough to talk, Willard's very soul was shaken with horrible dread.

Mrs. Randolph had told Hortense just as she was leaving the morning before, that she had locked the boy, Harold, up in the top room of the tower with enough bread to last two days. This, Willard saw was to throw Hortense on the wrong scent. The tower was found locked and barred with strong beams of wood. Hortense had ridden down to Warrenton, and unable to find a carpenter who would go back with her, she had procured tools and had spent the whole afternoon in tearing and pulling down lock after lock, barrier after barrier. Two or three faithful negroes had helped her in this work. A renegade negro, Samson, hearing that the Union Army was coming down through the valley, thought it a good time for his scheme of revenge and plunder to be carried out; and so, as soon as night and weariness had compelled

Hortense and her faithful adherents to get to bed for a few hours' repose, he had deliberately set fire to the tower, and while Hortense, crazed with grief and fright, banged vainly at the locked doors of the fast locked tower on the outside, he and two others had sacked and plundered the house, taking the few valuables left by Mrs. Randolph in her cruelly planned flight. This has not driven old Michael away, but when announced by shots and shouting, a company of rebel soldiers tore up the avenue towards the burning building, he had fled for his life.

Willard had dragged the story from the negro in quick gasps, and with a quickly smothered oath which rose so thoughtlessly to his lips, he dashed his spur into his horse and plunged forward in the darkness, his oath turned into an agonized prayer. Hortense, alone, surrounded by black devils, and as he bitterly thought, "grey devils!" For he had seen and heard enough to know how little like men and how much like fiends men can be when filled with the spirits of rapine and plunder.

In a moment he had reached the summit of the hill, turned—yes—there, in the upper end of the vale, glowing like a witch's fire above the surrounding groves rose the awful gleam of the burning house. What horrible scenes might that glare be lighting in the shadow of those blackened walls!

This time with a deeper, more agonized prayer, he threw himself fairly onto the neck of his flying steed and dashed down the valley road.

His head on the tightly grasped mane, his legs nearly on a line with his body, as he pressed close to the quivering flank of the flying horse, he rode, skimming over the two miles that lay between the two points of the valley, the fire on the opposite hillside flaring redly against the trees.

The shadowy outlines of fences, fields, and cottages melted into the deeper obscurity of night and distance, the uncertain light of the young moon glancing out between dark, fleeting clouds. Sounds of commotion and ex-

citement, lights glancing from windows, forms of men or beasts he knew not which met him and pursued him, but he stopped not to call or question. It seemed as if a second was an hour and he never knew how few were the moments which his steed consumed in flying through the small, narrow vale until he found himself at Oatland gates, and at the sound of the distant shouting and yelling at the burning house, he remembered Oscar's words about the Southern Guerrillas, and realized these men were a desperate, reckless set, who would scarcely stop to enquire his name or business before shooting.

He could see the flames still ascending in jets over the trees, although dying away fast.

The heavy iron gate had been torn from its hinges, and lay in the grass near the once trim little lodge. The light of the fire was sufficient to show him there were many moving forms both at the house and under the trees.

He stood a moment in indecision; he had turned into a bridle path that led by a rather circuitous route up to the house, and held his panting horse a moment, while he wondered and prayed as to his next movement.

As he stood, he fancied he heard a scream above the confused din. It was strangely muffled, if it was a scream, but even as he doubted, the very elm trees caught and trembled at the shrill cry of,

"Help, mur—" cutting the darkened air with a sharp, keen sound. It was a woman's voice, that woman—Hortense.

With an answering shout of careless horror, Willard dashed through the path and only paused as he reached the confines of the grove. He was in the dense shadow made by the firelight, and friendly trees, and his eyes traveled instantly over the burning, smoking ruins of the frame wing and once stately tower, the solid, firm rock building untouched save as to windows and doors by the destroying element. A score or so of men swarmed in and out of the building, adding to the heaps of plunder outside every movable arti-

cle in the house. Hortense was not at the house.

Piercing the surrounding gloom as keenly as he could he still saw no trace of her.

Again, not so loud, but more agonizedly rang out that piteous cry for help. Guided by the sound, his eyes caught the gleam of white on the opposite side of the grove, and as a jet of flame suddenly spurted up from the almost dying fire, he distinctly saw a man struggling with and dragging off into the dense shadows of the wood, a woman—the white gleam of clothes, her loose night robe.

Forgetting everything but the fire in his brain, and the murderous desire that clinched his throat and stiffened his fingers, he flung himself from his horse, and started for the spot.

His ankle? He flung off both his boots, feeling he should thus be stronger, and then knowing well that to show himself to the renegades and desperadoes at the fire would be to court instant death, he flung himself swiftly through the underbrush of the forest or grove which skirted the knoll, his heated breath hissing through his set teeth in quick gasps.

Could he, hampered by the long circuit, the darkness and his weak ankle, reach the other side in time? This flashed through his mind. His ankle! It was no longer weak, he took no thought to question why; but tore his way along regardless of thorns or briars.

He could see nothing in the dense shadow, and he scarcely knew which way to turn; even as he hesitated he fancied he saw a fleck of white on a distant bush. Yes, it was a bit of lace torn by a passing briar from the woman's gown. And here, this must be the path, a narrow foot-path leading down to a secluded spring he remembered well.

Noiselessly he fled, his stockinged feet soft on the grassy path, his hands clinching and unclenching themselves in awful longing.

A growl of rage, a low muttered curse from a black shadow near a gleam of white upon the grassy sward close to the faintly glistening spring, the horrid sound of a blow on some soft yielding substance, and Willard

sprang upon the prostrate shadow, and there was a fierce, silent, short struggle, and then—

The closely clinched hands of the outraged husband had left a blue wicked streak around the burly throat of the vile wretch who had been surprised and thus left at his assailant's mercy, jumping off from the huge form of his now silent victim, Willard struck him viciously in the head, careless for the moment, as to the result.

With a sob in his throat he turned to the equally silent form of the woman and knelt down beside her.

The soft moonbeams sometimes penetrated through the thick curtain of leaves, but not sufficiently to aid him in his quick and anxious searchings. He felt, he knew it was his wife and yet he wished he was able to satisfy his eyes of this fact.

He drew his hands over her hair, the same long, soft tresses; the pretty ears, the soft slender throat; but her face! It was wet, very wet. He had wetted his hands, too, in this liquid on her face; and her features—certainly those were not like Hortense, the nose so large, the cheeks so protuberant. Suddenly he remembered, as by a flash, the oath of anger, the sound of the blow given no doubt by the villain near by. Why, he had struck her in the face! That was why her features were swollen. The wet—was blood! Oh, had he found his wife, to only find her dead body!

He put his hand over her heart to see if it still beat. Poor child! Her slight robe had been torn into shreds during her fierce struggle with her assailant, and her cold, lifeless form was uncovered save for the long silken tresses which swept around her like a veil. He could feel no heart beat. He put his face down near the cold bosom, and his cheek met the loved form with a thrill of deepest anguish.

Yet no—there surely was a faint flutter under his cheek, the heart had not ceased its life-throbs! With tender swiftness, he raised the lovely form in his arms, and gently laid her down on the edge of the spring. He

poured great handfuls of the cool liquid onto the swollen face and over the throat and bosom.

He sought the hands to chafe and bathe them. They were tightly clinched. He unclasped the fingers.

"Poor, helpless child!" he half sobbed, as he found bits of flesh, and some hairs in the hands, dug from the face of the wretch whom she had so bravely sought to repel.

"God bless thee, and give thy life back to me that I may protect and cherish thee forevermore," he murmured, as he rubbed and bathed the bruised and bleeding face and hands.

He knew she was still alive from the occasional flutter in her throat, but she remained utterly unconscious in spite of all his efforts. At last, her breathing became assured, yet she lay passive as in a deep stupor.

Rising he drew off his coat, and wrapped it about her, rightly guessing that the dampness had perhaps chilled the delicate frame.

Turning instinctively to the prostrate wretch near the spring, he stooped and felt his pulse to know if he had killed or only stunned him. There was certainly a slight beating of his pulse, and then he sprang to the silent form of his wife, and picking her up he carried her with some difficulty several rods into the underbrush, where they would be concealed while night lasted.

He began to realize that his own body had been severely taxed. The terrible experience at Aquia Creek, his accident, loss of sleep and the many exhausting events of the last twenty-four hours had begun to tell upon him.

Yet even as he sat chafing the hands of his wife, he heard the murmur of approaching voices and he again picked up his heavy burden, and as quickly as might be plunged still further into the forest.

It was well that he did so, for even as he fled he heard two shots, shouts, and then he knew the Union soldiers must have arrived, and there was a fierce skirmish between them and the reckless band of Guerilla plunderers who had sacked the deserted homestead.

Bullets came dangerously near where Willard crouched even as it was, for some of the Guerillas had evidently fled down the path taken by Willard in his pursuit of his wife and her abductor.

After a time the firing ceased, and waiting a short time longer, Willard left his still unconscious wife and cautiously ventured near the entrance to the forest. Yes, the Union soldiers had arrived, and had evidently routed the mountain desperados, for they were busily engaged, Willard could plainly see by the light of two huge bonfires, in putting out the smouldering fire, carrying into the store part of the house all of the furniture and various articles so recently piled up by the Guerillas.

Obtaining some quilts and a shutter, Willard asked one of the soldiers to accompany him and together they brought up to the house the still unconscious woman. As they passed the spring, Willard was relieved to know the body of his victim had been removed, and in the cooler moment of deliberation he was not sorry to hope that he had not stained his hands with the blood of murder, albeit so justifiable if the man had been really dead.

All that night Willard worked and rubbed and watched over his wife. He had taken her up to Mrs. Randolph's chamber which had been in the old part of the house; and as the dim light of the candle showed him the grim faces of the dead and gone Randolphs, he thought sorrowfully of the wretched state to which pride, prejudice and this Civil War had reduced the few remaining descendants of a haughty, wealthy race of aristocrats.

The swollen features of the figure upon the bed could scarcely be recognized as those of his once beautiful wife. His heart failed him lest the shock and the constant strain of exciting events had either sapped the springs of life or would affect the reason of the wife he had so dearly rescued.

As he bent over her, chafing her hands, the memory of President Kimball's prophecy drifted into his mind, and it flashed all over

him like the shock of an electric battery, "I am to return with my lamb to the fold." "Thank God for the blessed prophecy and the happy memory of it," he whispered, kneeling down at the bedside.

Recalling the miraculous healing of his own aching, swollen limb at the wayside spring, he took some water in his hand and asking God to hear his fervent prayer, he bathed the swollen cheeks and nose and rebuked the swelling, pain and inflammation. He had no way of procuring consecrated oil, but he administered to her by virtue of his priesthood and felt to prophesy that she would receive the gift of healing; insomuch that her delicate flesh should loose all mark and stain of the spoiler's hand.

His mind was still, however, on a cruel strain, and it was with a feeling of intense relief that he saw, a short time after daylight, the lids of her eyes slowly uplift and her eyes fastened upon him in a confused stare.

Her first words drove the blood to his heart with a sickening fear that she had lost her reason.

"I am dead," she whispered slowly. He leaned over her, speechless with misery.

"You have come to carry me, where are you going to carry me? I have just been into the black void men call hell."

"Hortense, it is I, your living husband. Don't be frightened, darling."

"Have you brought Harold? Oh, he is in the tower; let me go, let me go—don't you hear—"

He held her down while he whispered soothing words into her ear.

After a time she grew calmer and seemed to slowly gather the fact that Willard was a living being, and she grew momentarily calmer and more peaceful as this happy fact distilled itself throughout her bruised and bleeding consciousness. At last she fell quietly asleep, holding his arm in her close clasp, his face near her cheek and his warm breath in her neck as he whispered soft blessings of peace and comfort to her drowsy ears.

Willard himself dropped wearily off to

sleep, and for the first time for two nights he slept a heavy, dreamless sleep.

It was late, he must have slept on for hours, for his first consciousness was a deep sigh uttered by Hortense as she sought to move her arm from its cramped position.

"My husband," she said softly and in a low, mournful voice, "how did you come here? Where is Harold? Where did you find me?"

He was awake at once, and putting his arms around her trembling form he told her all of the sad, sorrowful story that he felt was wisdom for her to know. After, he asked the one absorbing question that had so bitterly tormented him since he had found her unconscious by the spring.

"Patsey, my poor darling, tell me, your husband, *was* I in time, in time to save the one thing more precious than life itself, the honor of my wife?"

"Oh, yes, Willard, indeed you were; for I lost consciousness only when he struck me in the face. Oh, Will, if you had not come!" and she clung to him in a shivering fit of well-remembered terror.

After a few words of comforting assurance, Willard arose from his cramped position on his knees and hurried downstairs to get water and food for Hortense and for his own exhausted body.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"WASEL" DARROW.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 561.]

TO THE credit of the Darrow family I will say no bundle of birch twigs for the castigation of youthful offenders ever adorned their walls, as it did those of many families of that time. Superfluous the two culprits were sent into the loom house that night, he to hatchel a bundle of flax, she to extract the seeds from a measured quantity of unginned cotton.

Hatcheling flax was no delightful task to

Will, he rather abhorred it. It was simply a combing of the lint through long, iron teeth set in a board for the purpose of separating the tow or coarse lint from the fine.

They plied their tasks silently till the last handful of flax had been combed through, then having made into a large turst the combed lint and gathered into a basket the tow, which was to be carded and spun into coarse thread, Will took his seat beside his sister, and the tired fingers of the now sleepy pair tugged away slowly at the unfinished task of ginning till the last seed was out. Then with a feeling of freedom now that the last farthing of the debt had been paid they happily sought their beds.

The next winter a tall, lean man named Quail, with great saucer eyes and a mouth that frightened the children when they looked at him, came to teach the Waffleton school. The coon skin sale had been made and Rachael on the very first day of school reveled in the possession of a new slate and pencil. But her joy was of short duration, for it was not long before Mr. Quail discovered this bit of surplus property. He reproved Rachael sharply for having it in her possession, and adding, "This school is a school of industry. We cannot allow inducements to idleness here," he transferred the offending slate to his own desk.

"Oh, Mr. Quail!" said Rachael, in great distress, "Please let me figure; I do so want to figure: and I'll not be idle if you'll let me keep my slate."

Mr. Quail had stopped and was staring at her in amazement, but finally said, while his saucer eyes seemed to Rachael to be trying to assume the dimensions of plates, "What prodigy have we here? A *girl* asking to be allowed to figure! Why, what shall we have next? No, Rachael," he added with emphasis, "I cannot allow you to figure."

She was, however, glad to be allowed at the close of the day to carry home the precious slate. She would practice at home from John's arithmetic, she said. She soon conquered the foundation rules, then on she went

from page to page. All else was forgotten in this pursuit of her favorite study.

"Oh, dear," sighed Mrs. Darrow one evening, glancing at Rachael, who sat at the window engaged in her usual vocation, "I don't get one bit of help from that child, every moment of the time she is out of school is taken up with that dreadful book."

Silas, who was sitting by the fire scraping with a piece of broken glass an ax handle he had just finished, arose at his mother's remark, and, with a hem or cough peculiar to him at certain times, walked to the window and taking Rachael's book and slate carried them without a word to his own room.

"Oh, Silas, don't take them from me; oh, please don't!" pleaded the child. Her voice was so full of anguish that her father hurried in from the next room.

"How, now," he said, "what's all this noise about?"

"Oh, father," cried Rachael, "Silas has taken my book and slate away from me. Mayn't I have them, father?"

"Silas only wants the child to be ready to do a turn for me once in a while," explained the mother.

"Hush, Wasel," said Mr. Darrow, as Rachael began again to petition him, "You must help your mother and quit spending so much time on that book nonsense."

She went off down below the blackberry patch and sat down on a low stump to cry and complain. She always came here in winter when she had either grief or wrath to nurse. Tig used to come with her, and to him she used to tell her sorrows; but the old dog was gone now, and worst of all they would not tell her what had become of him. She missed him one day when she came from school and when she enquired of her mother where he was, she only shook her head and said, "You must not say anything about the dog to any of the boys. Don't ask about him again, Wasel."

That day she cried a long time and many days after that, too, for it took a long time to

get over her grief for the loss of her old friend.

The Saturday afternoons were always given as a holiday to the school children. On one of these Rachael amused herself building playhouses for her little brothers and sisters from the blocks and chips strewed around upon the ground near the great shed-roofed corn crib her father and brothers were building. She watched them as they worked and presently heard her father say, "John, you'd better climb up now and take the length of the rafter."

John prepared to obey, when she cried out, "John can tell that, father, without climbing up. I know what that is, it's a *rum board*."

"That child is surely going crazy," said Silas.

"What do you mean by such senseless gibberish, Wasel?" said her father, sternly.

"Anyway that's what Mr. Quail tells his class is a *rum board*," said Rachael, somewhat abashed, as she described the end of the building by lines drawn on the ground. "I could do it myself if they'd only let me figure," said she reproachfully.

"I see what she means, father," said John, looking rather sheepish. With all the perseverance and diligence with which he had applied himself to the task of acquiring knowledge, he had not once thought of how he might make a practical use of it. "But the figure, Wasel, is a *rhomboid* not *rum board*, as you have it," said he.

When Rachel had gone back again to her childish play, Silas said to his father, "If you allow that girl to go on at the rate she is going she will soon lose her senses, her brain is already becoming weakened by this constant and foolish book study. I would advise you to put a check upon it now while you can."

Poor Silas! his life had never been refreshed by a single drop from the cup that fed Rachael's soul, then how could he know how sweet the nectar was to her. But to express a wish was to have his way, and so accordingly a note was sent the teacher that Rachael would not be

able to attend the school any more during that term.

Poor Rachael, in all her short life she had known no disappointment so bitter as this. But with a masterly effort she conquered her feelings in a short space of time and went merrily about the house washing the dishes, sweeping floors and filling the office of chore girl in a manner that betokened a willing and submissive spirit. Her earlier afflictions had taught her grace to bear this one meekly.

One morning when it was past the middle of winter, Rachael awoke with a heavy pain in her back and head. "'Twas a cold, likely," her mother said. Some herb teas were administered and no other thought than that she would rally from her indisposition after a few days was taken. But days passed into weeks before a cessation of the terrible fever that consumed her came. Night after night the child raved with the torturing pains in eyes and brain; and only when reason and health were restored to her again did they realize the fearful ravages that the dreadful measles had made upon her. Wasel was growing blind. Day after day the sunlight gradually faded from her sight, till everything in this beautiful world was closed from her vision in darkest night. Patiently she bore this trial as she had done all her lighter ones. And when the spring came round again and her brother Willie, who was yet weak from the effects of the same dread disease that had preyed with such a heavy hand upon his sister, sat in the warm sunlight and read to her again the stories in her school reader or led her out to their old favorite haunts, she could speak of her affliction without weeping. And she would invariably on these occasions ask this same question, "Do you think I'll ever see again, Will?"

He always made the same answer, "No, Wasel, I do not think you will. The doctor says you will always be blind."

As the months passed, Rachael reconciled herself so well to her misfortune that she seldom spoke of it with sadness. Her usual health and happiness returned, but she would

often say to her mother, "I feel sometimes, mother, as if the sunlight was fairly bursting through this film that covers my eyeballs, and I almost fancy I shall see again sometime."

But her mother would sadly shake her head and tell her she must not indulge in a hope that could never be realized.

A great change was produced in Will by his sister's affliction. From a light-hearted, careless fellow he grew thoughtful and serious, and hours that had hitherto been spent in athletic sports were now devoted to reading the scriptures, in which he seemed to have an awakening interest. So striking a reversion of the boy's sentiments created some comment among their acquaintances. From his study of the New Testament he became convinced that the ministers of the different churches did not exercise all the privileges to which they were entitled under the doctrine of Christ. Confident in this belief he ventured to approach their minister, the Rev. Mr. Frew of the Baptist church, on the subject.

"My son," said the minister, "what more can we ask than we have? Is it not sufficient that simply through a belief in Christ's name we can all be saved in His glorious kingdom? Think of the millions who have been and will yet be saved by His gracious will, and all He requires of them in return for this great act of mercy, is a belief in Him. How easy does He make our path. Through what pleasant vales He leads us. What more, my son, than this would you have?"

"I'd have much more," said Will. "I'd have all the blessings and privileges Christ bestowed upon His disciples in His days and which He promised should be with all His true disciples, the power to cast out devils, heal the sick, and make the lame to walk and the blind to see."

"That is impossible," said Mr. Frew, "those things now are all done away, they're not necessary now."

"And why not necessary now? Is not the light of day as precious to the sight of my poor, blind sister, as it was to the blind man

of Bethsaida? If God is just, Mr. Frew, why does He still send afflictions upon the world after having taken away the power to heal them?"

"My son, the Lord never intended the whole human family to be blessed with the power to perform the miracles of healing, etc. It was necessary, for the establishment of the church in a former day, for Christ and His Apostles to perform these miracles upon a select few for a witness of His power and divinity. But in these days of enlightenment we have no need of this witness. To seek for it, William, exhibits a lack of faith in the precious promises of our Lord."

Mr. Frew continued for some time to explain and instruct, and with such marked effect upon Will that ere they parted the boy had resolved in his heart to make no more efforts to unravel what he mentally declared to be the brain fuddling mysteries of the Bible. If that first change in the boy's sentiments produced comment this second transition produced still more; contempt from some that he should show such a fickle, variable mind; pity from those who attribute his conduct to a weakening brain. And "old Si," when still in his presence expressed a thought that indicated skepticism, clapped him on the shoulder with, "Ye's right my boy, ye don't want to try to dip too deep into these things, the ministers themselves won't. The scripeter I tell ye is a muddlin' thing, and 'll twist ye up, ye can't go deep enough below the scum to get any o' the broth out o' that dish."

Will's parents were filled with alarm and distress for their son who had so lately given promise of such great piety. All their arguments and persuasions with the boy were fruitless. Mr. Darrow sought his minister for consolation and advice, and that worthy Rev. not only gave his sympathy to the distressed father, but readily proffered his assistance to bring about a reformation in the refractory lad. "'Twill never do," said he "to foster these seeds of infidelity, they must be nipped in the bud."

The next evening the minister called at the house of Mr. Darrow. Will had drawn his boots preparatory to a foot roast before the fire when the minister entered, but divining his mission there, began immediately to clothe his feet again.

"William," began the minister almost before he had seated himself, (he seemed to think the best manner of proceeding would be to take the youth by storm,) "out of the great consideration I have for your father, and the fervent desire I have for the welfare of the work of the Master, in which I am engaged, I have condescended to call upon you this evening to remonstrate with you on account of certain backslidings I have noticed in you lately."

By the time this lengthy explanatory charge had been delivered, Will had completed his dress, and turning to the minister, answered:

"I suppose, sir, you refer to my absence from church."

"Exactly, William. Such a disregard of the duty we owe to our Holy Master, whom we have covenanted to serve and such neglect of His holy laws cannot, indeed, *must* not be overlooked."

"I do not mean to be disrespectful, Mr. Frew," said Will, but I will say here that I have never entered into a covenant with Jesus Christ to do His will. I was baptized or rather *sprinkled* into the church when a mere child; unable at that period to assume the lightest responsibility, and having never since that time taken upon myself a vow, I do not consider my absence from church any breach of the law of Christ."

"Oh, my son!" cried Mrs. Darrow, wringing her hands, "how can we ever hope for your salvation."

"William, I am sorry for you, very, *very* sorry," said the minister impressively, "and out of the charity, with which my heart, through the great condescension of our Savior, is filled, I consent to further plead with you and warn you to turn again unto our Lord and give honor to His disciples."

"Where are His disciples?" said Will, "I see none. There are some who profess the

name, but they exhibit few or none of the graces that adorned their Holy Master."

"My son," said the minister earnestly, "do we not teach that ye shall love one another? Do we not exhort you to seek faith and charity the best of all good gifts? And did not Jesus Christ teach us even so?"

"True. You do *preach* these things," said the boy. "Your Christ though had not where to lay His head, yet you ride in your carriage and enjoy the reward of plenty, while poor Joe Hawkins' family can scarcely find bread to eat. Christ ate with publicans and sinners; but Tom Jackson last winter was tried before the church for his fellowship for permitting his children to visit with those of Mr. Chandler, the Methodist deacon."

"And not right soon will he do it again," put in Mr. Frew with a satisfied nod.

"And yet Mr. Chandler is an honest man, and a follower of this same Christ. No, Mr. Frew I've no use for the religion you profess. A gospel that has spent all its good gifts and blessings upon an age long since gone by, and handed down to us only a name through which multitudes of honest, trusting people are being humbugged by a set of lying hypocrites calling themselves—"

Will had no opportunity to defame more, his words had acted like a fire brand upon the minister's irate temper as well as on that of his father. With a simultaneous spring they together caught the boy and sent him whirling into the yard. They scarcely realized what they had done till it was passed.

The minister was the first to recover himself, wiping the perspiration from his face, he said, "Brother Darrow, you certainly bear a cross in that son. May the good Lord give you grace to bear it, as becomes a saint," and reverently—"Let us pray, Brother Darrow."

They knelt while the minister humbly prayed that grace might be given his brother, the deacon, to bear with his sinful child, and with true Pharasaical spirit he thanked the Lord that He had not made His servant, the minister, a partaker of evil.

Having arisen he pronounced a blessing upon them, and turned to go, saying to Mr. Darrow at parting, "Do not spare the boy, that spirit must be crushed out of him and whenever you have need of my counsel and advice you shall have it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A GOOD HEART.

A WAIF of a boy was eating a stale half-loaf on the street corner yesterday, with the air of a starveling, says the *Detroit Free Press*, when a stray dog came along and crouched at his feet. The hungry look remained in the boy's eyes, but he glanced down at the vagabond dog, and said in a friendly way:

"Wot you want? This ain't no bone. Git!"

The dog moved off a little, and again it crouched and looked wistfully at the food.

"Say, do yer want this wuss nor I do?" asked the waif. "Speak, can't yer?"

The dog gave a quick bark, and the boy threw him the rest of the loaf.

"Nuff said," he remarked, as he watched him eat ravenously. "I ain't the feller to see a pard in trouble."

And the boy went off one way and the dog he had befriended another, both the better for the encounter.

Don Pedro on one occasion wished to found a hospital, and, funds being a little low, he hit upon the expedient of ennobling any citizen who would contribute a certain sum to the hospital fund. He soon found that half of Rio was anxious to possess a title and money poured in from every side. When the hospital was finished the Emperor caused to be sculptured above the gates a Latin legend signifying: "Human Vanity to Human Misery."

THE expression of truth is simplicity.


The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 1, 1890.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

Result of Opposing the Work of God.

T IS a cause of constant gratification to know that however many lies the enemies of the Latter-day Saints may tell about them and misrepresent their motives and malign their characters they cannot entirely conceal the truth or prevent the world from perceiving glimpses of it at least. The cloud of lies may hide some things from sight and prevent the casual observer from getting a knowledge of the true situation of affairs; but the men and women who are determined to know the truth cannot long be deceived or hoodwinked by the artifices of the wicked. The characters and conduct of the Latter-day Saints will bear the closest investigation and scrutiny. They can be brought into the broadest sunlight without the least fear; in fact, the more light there is thrown upon them the better the results so far as we are concerned.

If we were such a people as our enemies describe us to be, we would be unworthy of notice. We would sink into contempt. A community, the members of which would do the things which we are accused of doing, would soon break to pieces. It could not hold together. The pressure of persecution would be too great for it to stand. But the antagonism the enemies of the Latter-day Saints show to them is a testimony in favor of the virtues of the Latter-day Saints. While it can be truthfully said that the motives and conduct of the Saints can be fully investigated and the results be to their credit and advantage, the same cannot be said of the motives and conduct of those who are fighting them. If there is anything they dread it is light. They neither want light to

be thrown upon our characters nor upon their own. They want the world to accept as true their description of us and also of the motives which they claim as prompting them in their line of action against us. Their description of their own motives is equally false with their description of our characters and conduct. Falsehood runs through and through all they speak or write upon the subject. But they get very angry if anyone ventures to question their accuracy, or to give a view differing from those they put forth.

It is worthy of note that, as a rule, those who fight against the work of God, come to grief in some form. They are either unworthy when they commence their warfare or they soon become so afterwards. It is probable that their true traits of character, which may have been concealed before, are then brought to light; for it has been a cause of constant remark among the Elders who have gone to the world to preach the gospel that by its preaching the hypocrisy of men has been made manifest. Men who have passed among their fellows as very pious men have been proved to be mere pretenders. When they have been brought in contact with the touchstone of truth, they have been stripped of disguise and they have stood forth in their true colors. Their piety has been proved to be a sham, their honesty and love of the truth far from being real. In this way the world has been and is being proved.

A notable case of this kind is that of Isaac P. Christiancy, the news of whose death is quite recent. This man stood high in his profession as a lawyer. As a judge in the State of Michigan, where he resided, he was considered an ornament to the bench. He was elected United States Senator from that State, and great expectations were formed concerning his career in that capacity. But he undertook the job of correcting and punishing the "Mormons." He introduced bills into the Senate of the most oppressive character—bills which were known among us at the time as the "Christiancy Bills." His operations in the beginning might have been

excused on the ground of ignorance; but he was told the whole condition of affairs in Utah and the dreadful wrong that would be done to the people by the enactments which he proposed, and for awhile he seemed disposed to drop his animosity. This feeling was not of long duration, however, for he soon yielded to the influence of our enemies who were egging him on, and who only used him as a tool to carry out their nefarious designs. He did all in his power against the people of Utah; but he failed in his designs.

And this man, who had stood so high, fell very low before his death. He married a young woman in Washington, was appointed Minister of the United States to Peru, had the most serious family trouble and disgraceful scandals connected with his name, separated from his wife and, returning to the States, obtained a divorce; she became insane and, it is said, died a raging maniac. Some of his sons, it is stated, were remarkable for their extravagant methods of dissipation. Crushed by the disgrace which had fallen upon him he became a changed man; but this was not all. Before leaving Peru he had been intrusted by a Peruvian friend with \$20,000 worth of diamonds; these were stolen from him in a New York hotel. They were never recovered.

He passed his last days in absolute obscurity. It is said of him he had nothing left to live for, and being an agnostic as to religion, he had little hope for the future. His case is a striking one; it is an example of how short a step it is from the pinnacle of fame and political honors to shame and total obscurity. It is another illustration, and there are hundreds of them, of how little prosperity attends the men who fight against the work of God. From the day this man began his warfare he commenced to go down, disgrace fell upon him and he has passed to an unhonored grave. So it has been, and so it always will be with this class.

HE HATH riches sufficient who hath enough to be charitable.

RUSSIAN FUNERALS OF OLDEN TIMES.

CENTURIES ago, before Christianity was introduced into Russia, the people of that country like many other nations and tribes, worshiped the sun, moon, the thunder, lightning, wind or rain. These objects and forces they deified as gods and made images of them, before which they bowed in worship. Then like other peoples they told wonderful and strange stories about the doings of these gods, and how terrible they were when offended. Through these superstitious beliefs they made it their custom to perform strange and absurd rites, which they had an idea pleased their gods, and appeased their wrath when vexed.

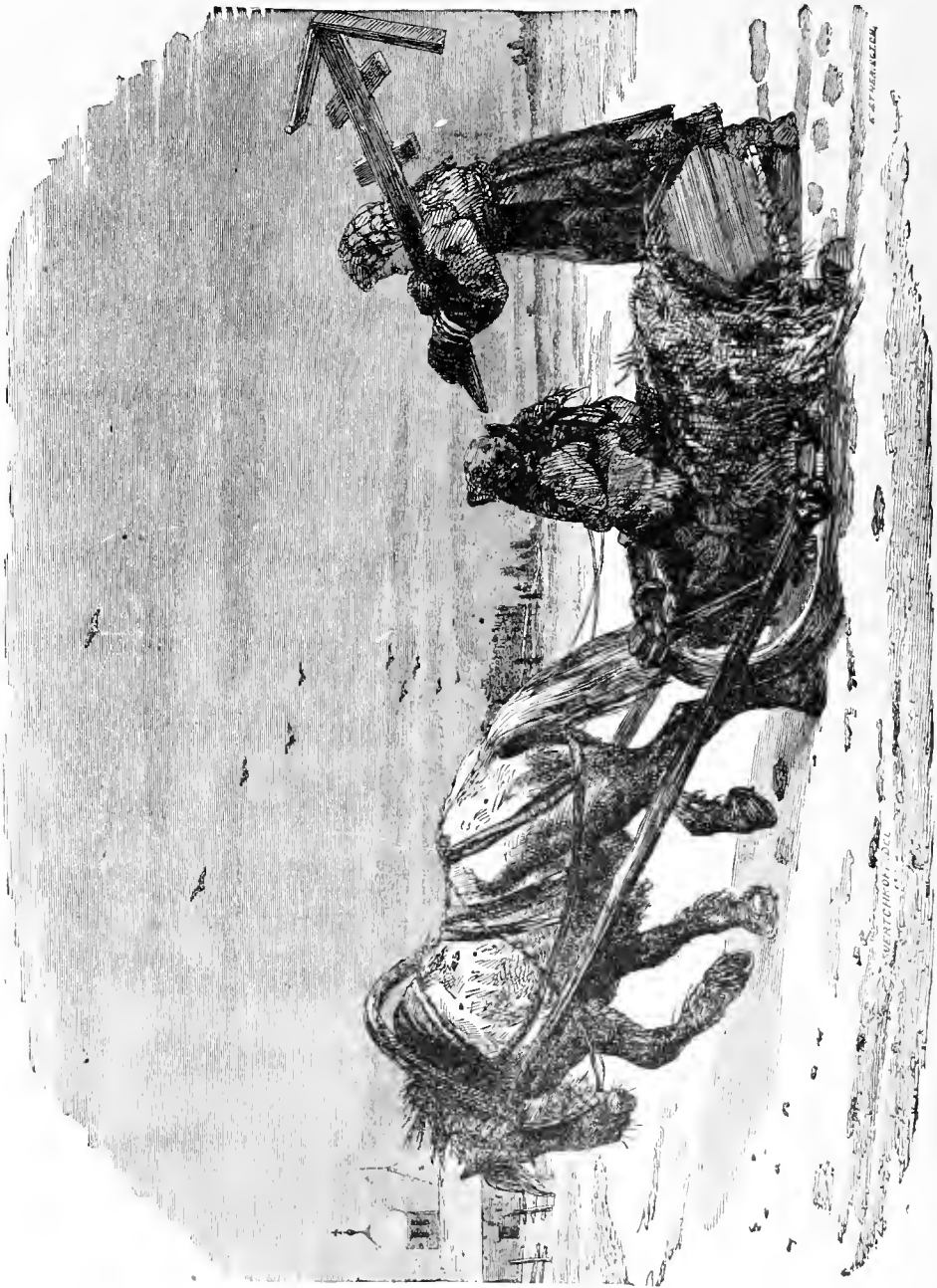
As one would naturally suppose, the poor and ignorant classes would be the last ones to get rid of such foolish notions, and it is said that the Russian peasantry still entertain some of these strange ideas.

The teaching of Christianity to them did not destroy their belief in the superstitions they had been taught for ages, any more than it did among other heathen nations. The doctrines taught them by the so-called Christians of the dark ages were as absurd and inconsistent as their own strange beliefs, and the two blended so harmoniously together that they became inseparable.

We cannot wonder then that the ignorant classes of Russia are superstitious. We find among peoples who are considered more enlightened the same conditions existing. Even among ourselves there are persons who have such faith in what is considered lucky and unlucky signs, that they are careful to avoid those things or actions that bring bad luck. They will not go on a journey or commence any undertaking on Friday because it is an unlucky day; they will not sweep the floor after noon for fear of sweeping away their fortunes; if they drop a fork or knife while eating, or turn back for something after starting on a journey it is a sign of bad luck; if they present a friend with a knife or anything with a sharp edge it will sever their

love ; if a rooster crows in front of the door they expect company, or it is going to rain ; if they dream of certain things it is a sign

peculiar and barbarous funeral ceremonies. These practices are, of course, done away with long ago as they were too cruel to be



A POOR RUSSIAN'S FUNERAL.

either of good or evil ; and so almost every action of common occurrence is interpreted in one way or another.

The Russians in times gone by practiced

tolerated now.

When a man of wealth or importance died his friends lamented his death for a number of days, and drank until they became intoxi-

cated. The men-servants of the departed were then asked which of them would be buried with his master. One perhaps would volunteer and would be immediately put to death. A call was made for one of his maid-servants for the same purpose. She was taken in hand by one called the death angel who dressed her in rich apparel and treated her for a time as a prince. But on an appointed day she took off her jewels and called upon the death angel to send her to her master. She was then put to death with a dagger. Her body was laid with that of the other slave along side of her dead master, in a boat which was supported on four trees and surrounded with idols. With the corpses were also placed the master's arms, clothing, dogs, horses and a pair of fowls. This funeral pyre was then lighted and the whole consumed. Sometimes the dead were buried in the earth with their tools or weapons, their jewels, together with bones of animals and some grain.

Each spring feasts were held in honor of the dead at which times morsels of food were thrown under the tables for the ghosts of the dead to eat. When it was supposed the spirits were satisfied they were driven out of the house, and the inmates continued in their feasting and revelry.

Some of these customs continued among the people for a long time after the advent of Christianity among them, but now they are no more, although other peculiarities are partially retained. It is said that the superstitious still go into the woods and pray to the Lord, to the angels, to the sun, moon, stars, and to the earth.

Their funerals are more simple and like those of other civilized peoples. The very poor, however, have nothing that could be called a funeral. Their dead simply receive a plain burial attended only by the nearest relatives, like the one represented in the accompanying picture.

THE more a man denies himself, the more he shall obtain from God.

TURKEY AND ITS PEOPLE. IV.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 567.]

AMONG the customs of oriental life the women take a prominent part. They are those of whom the most perfect purity is expected. The virtues of both sexes are expected to exist prominently, but in the woman purity is imperative. This is one of the weak points of their customs; a custom or law which makes it more binding on one sex than the other to remain virtuous and pure is defective and many times oppressive. Great license is given the male and where morality abounds great impositions are practiced upon the weaker sex.

At the marriage ceremony the greater portion of the preparatory work is with the future bride. To obtain her costs a good deal of formality and sometimes money. She is courted in their peculiar manner by proxy, and when all is ready for the grand marriage the bride must be taken to the public bath in the company of near lady friends and relatives, who are appointed to go there to see that the young lady is properly washed, and also to be responsible to the bridegroom for the healthy condition of the bride. Her body is subjected to a rigorous scrutiny and if any pimples are found upon the skin it must be proved by the girl's parents that they are not the effect of some dangerous or contagious disease. When this is satisfactorily settled the lady is escorted home with songs and music.

The girl is placed in the center of a group and an appointed leader pilots the little, jubilant band through some prominent streets singing and trilling their strange notes of joy—undoubtedly extolling the young lady's virtues.

This done, the next ceremony is to bring the bride. The evening before the marriage the girl is brought from her parent's house to the home of the young man. This rite is also attended with songs and music, with the difference that it is participated in by both sexes.

One may often hear their jubilant festivals in the evening in some country towns, and as it is something unusual to us to hear shouting and unusual noises in an otherwise quiet neighborhood, one is perhaps surprised, and on inquiring *ne' var*—what is the matter?—is quietly told, “they are bringing home the bride.” This company is also led through the streets slowly and of the many engaged in the amusement some carry torches. The throng is quite imposing. Some dance and perform athletic fetes for the performance of which the company pauses at intervals.

We made mention above of a quiet neighborhood. This will need a little explanation, although foreign to our subject. The Turks, and in fact all Mohammedans, reckon their time from sunrise to sunset. The latter event always marks 12 o'clock. This reckoning of time destroys all regularity of keeping time, because the sun changes in its course. Now after 12 o'clock people are not seen wandering through the streets, nor are the young seen moving about in noisy crowds, but everything is quiet. You can hear any little noise on the street because all traffic is stopped. When one has occasion to be out he must be supplied with a lantern, otherwise the police or night-watchman will call a halt and arrest him.

Women are scarcely ever seen in the streets after sunset. If it does so happen they are always escorted by some male protector. In the day time the Christian ladies of Constantinople may be seen sitting on the divan a kind of a lounge, before the window, to watch what is passing. If a funeral, or an angry woman, or a bear exhibition, or a man with a performing monkey comes along, the inhabitants come in sight. Heads come poking out from every window and the superfluity of young ladies in Constantinople is revealed.

Again the female multitude may be seen in the evening about sundown when they all crawl out on the door steps and have a jolly chat with the neighboring women. This is, of course, in Christian localities. Turks

keep indoors. They are very quiet people in all that they do; hence at funerals they go noiselessly through the streets chatting a little, but not always.

Christians make a great show of pomp and parade and according to money paid the priests turn out in number. A poor man has one priest commonly dressed, a rich one has ten finely dressed. At a death again women are conspicuous. First by the noise they make while mourning. When the dead are taken out of the house the women are expected to go frantic with grief. They will yell and scream and appear to be without hope of comforting, though if it is her husband that is buried she may marry again in two months.

Secondly they are conspicuous by being absent at a funeral. Funeral processions are always composed of men.

Women in the country seldom dance but in the larger cities they may be seen journeying in the rain, stamping their feet and clapping their hands in good oriental style. At public festivals they are never seen taking any part beyond being spectators, and in the Turkish festival they are never found amusing themselves among males.

Friis.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Church Strengthened by Persecution—Achievements of the Saints.

THERE was only a sparse population in Hancock County, Illinois, when the Latter-day Saints moved there after being driven out of the State of Missouri. The city of Nauvoo was founded and the Saints gathered there and in surrounding settlements in considerable numbers. It was soon apparent that the old settlers would be outnumbered and they became jealous and angry. They were afraid the political control would pass out of their hands and the “Mormons” would be the dominant power. Filled with this fear they stirred up trouble. They organized mobs, but before doing so circulated the most abominable falsehoods concerning the “Mormons.” They accused

them of every crime, and there was scarcely a horse stolen in the county, or a counterfeit dollar circulated, without the crime being charged to the "Mormons." All this was done to furnish an apparent justification for their robberies and deeds of violence against our people. They endeavored to make the country believe that when they robbed our people and burned their houses, destroyed their other property and drove them from their lands, they were only acting in self-defense and were protecting themselves against a horde of villains.

These stories answered the purpose for the time being; but time has shown their falsity. Even the *San Francisco Chronicle*, whose hatred of the Latter-day Saints is exhibited whenever it has occasion to speak about them, in alluding lately to the murder of the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum, condemns the officials of Hancock County as well as the brutal mob who took part in that accursed proceeding—which it calls cowardly and cruel—and says that "those who committed these murders were really working for Mormonism, as they did more than hundreds of elders to spread this," which it calls, "pestilent doctrine."

The utterance of this paper upon this subject is chiefly interesting as showing how our enemies now look upon the proceedings of the mobs in Hancock County, and how even they can see and acknowledge that those acts which were designed at the time for the destruction of the work of God, only contributed to its spread and advancement. The servants of the Lord have been constantly trying to impress this truth upon the minds of the Saints and the world—that the proceedings of our enemies wherein they try to oppress and rob the Saints of their liberties and just rights can do no permanent injury to the work of God, but only contribute to its strength and benefit. Our enemies who are committing every outrage within their power upon the Saints at the present time do not believe that they are helping the great cause against which they are fighting; but neither

did the ruffians who composed the mobs of Hancock County believe what every reflecting person now admits to be the effect of their acts of violence. It will only require the lapse of a few years for the whole world to see and admit that the enemies of "Mormonism," in their present proceedings in this and surrounding territories, only contributed to the development and expansion of the cause and gave it a wider advertisement.

THE cry of the mobs in Hancock County was that the Latter-day Saints were new settlers. They, the men who formed the mobs, were the "old settlers," and, as such, had the first rights. The Saints, with their new ways, had no right to intrude upon them. They seemed to base their action in burning houses and pillaging and driving the Latter-day Saints on the fact that they claimed to be the "old settlers," and as new-comers the Saints had no right to come in and improve the land, make better farms, build better houses, larger settlements and cities and have more energy and thrift, or to outnumber them. All these things were offensive to them as "old settlers," and they never rested till they had driven our people out and had obtained possession of their lands and improvements.

In these days we hear nothing about "old settlers." It is for the "new settlers" that all the credit is claimed for everything that has been done in this country. To hear some of the expressions which are made one who did not know better would imagine that the first settlers of Salt Lake City and Utah were semi-barbarians, and that the country had only been made habitable for civilized white people through the labors and improvements of the new settlers—the non-Mormons who have come in. But, however often this view may be presented, the truth cannot be concealed that the Latter-day Saints have been the pioneers of civilization in all these western lands. They have done more than any other people of their number towards building up the empire between the Missouri River and the Pacific ocean. They have made

their mark as pioneers and empire-builders in all this region. Wherever they settle they are noted for the qualities which make a people useful and great. This is admitted by all unprejudiced observers or by all who have not some interest in hiding the facts and claiming the credit of their works.

The fortieth anniversary of the admission of California as a State into the Union has just been celebrated with great pomp and parade. The Californians are proud of their State, of its resources and productions and of their pioneers. They have shown the men who helped to lay the foundation of the State great honor. I have seen no special mention however, of the part the "Mormons" took in the early settlement of that State. Yet they were conspicuous among its first settlers. Marshall enjoys the credit of being the discoverer of gold in California; but it is beyond dispute that they were "Mormons" who, in digging the race of Sutter's mill at Colona, discovered the shining metal and brought it to Marshall's attention. Equally beyond dispute is it that the first newspaper published in San Francisco came from a "Mormon" press and was edited by a "Mormon," and that the first American farming was done by "Mormons."

The value of irrigation in reclaiming lands from sterility, and where already reclaimed, in adding to its fertility, is now generally recognized. This system has made possible the settlement of Colorado, Nevada, Wyoming, Idaho and Arizona. The Latter-day Saints were the first Anglo-Saxons to practice this system and prove its practical value. At the price of immense toil and expense they solved the problem as to whether the arid regions were habitable for people of our race and whether the barren and alkali lands of the desert were capable of furnishing food for man and beast. Who can estimate the value to the nation of their toilsome and costly experiments in this direction? It is easy for the superficial and unthinking observer to see how all this can be done now that it is done; but he does not see the successive steps by which

present knowledge and perfection have been reached—the repeated and often fruitless experiments, the frequent failures by means of which the present experience and skill have been reached.

The story of the suffering and incessant toil of the early settlers of these mountain regions can not be written. No people with less exalted motives than the Latter-day Saints could have endured what they had to meet. Had the love of gain, or even the desire to make a home, been the controlling motive, they would have become discouraged and abandoned the country for one possessing greater advantages; but it was the religious sentiment, and a desire to be free to enjoy their religion in peace, that brought them here, that held them here, and that sustained them in the midst of their hardships and privations. The blessing of the Lord upon them and their labors has made the land a very choice one, so much so that we are envied for having it in possession, and for the beautiful homes which cover its surface.

A PROVIDENCE IN HIS SHOOTING PRACTICE.

A GUIDE of the Adirondack mountains tells the following interesting incident of his experience:

The best marksman I ever saw in St. Lawrence County, was a Buffalo man named Birgin, who came here a few years ago with his wife, who was an invalid. She was threatened with consumption, and the doctors had advised her to try the air of the mountains. Birgin had a neat log cabin built about two miles in the woods early in the spring, and when he had furnished it handsomely he moved in it with his wife and two servants. He seemed to have plenty of money, and didn't have anything to do but take care of his wife and sketch and write a little, and practice shooting with a revolver. He didn't seem to care much for hunting, and I don't think I ever saw him use a rifle.

I never could see why he practiced so

much, for he could hit everything within range that he could see. I have known a good many crack shots and seen a deal of close shooting in my time, but this city man beat them all. He didn't use any of these new-fangled pistols, but always practiced with a rather old-fashioned looking Colt's revolver. He always said he hated to kill anything.

One day I asked him how he came to be so expert. He said that when he was a very young lad he had a fancy for pistol practice. A Captain Travis opened a pistol gallery in Buffalo and he took lessons of him. The captain became a good deal interested in him and took pains to instruct him. When he went away he made him a present of the revolver he still used, and advised him to practice with nothing else. It was one Travis had had made on purpose for sharp-shooting.

When Birgin told me about Travis he showed me a shot I would not believe could be made if I hadn't seen him make it three times in succession. Some hard wood boards had been left where the floor of the cabin had been laid. Birgin took one of these boards and laid it on the ground, and leveled it up carefully with a little spirit level. Ten paces from the plank he put a mark about as big as a silver half dollar on a tree. Then he got back ten paces from the plank and leveled his pistol and fired at the center of the plank. The bullet glanced from the hard wood and struck the mark on the tree. This he did three times in succession. He said that was one of the shots Travis had taught him, and he had always kept it in practice. He said that some time his practice might be of use to him. And he was right about that.

I was not very busy in the spring and early summer, and I went around with Birgin a good deal.

After a couple of months Mrs. Birgin's health was so much better that she was able to join us in short strolls into the timber, and she enjoyed them very much. She would sit on some cushions with one of the girls an hour or two at a time, while Birgin would ramble around and sketch and examine the

rocks. When I had nothing particular to do I used to stroll over to Birgin's cabin along in the forenoon, when the weather was fine. Then, as his wife continued to improve, I would take them further and further into the woods, each time in a new direction. On these trips I always carried my double-barrelled, muzzle-loading shotgun. In the left barrel I always had a heavy charge of powder and buckshot, and in the other barrel a charge of fine bird shot. Deer were out of season, and all we cared for was a few birds for Mrs. Birgin.

One afternoon my boy, who was then a lad of fifteen, had been out with my shotgun. He came home at night a good deal excited. He had met some of the boys and they had told him about a panther that had been seen and heard in the neighborhood. He talked so much about the panther that he forgot to tell me he had fired the charge of buckshot, and left both barrels loaded with bird shot.

I didn't take any stock in the story about the panther, and thought the boys had been trying to scare the lad. I had never seen a live panther, and never expected to see one, at least about here. I thought so little about it that I didn't mention the matter to the Birgin people. I didn't want to alarm them for nothing and spoil their pleasant strolls in the woods, when they were doing Mrs. Birgin so much good.

The next morning I took my shotgun and went over to the cabin. I only looked to see that it was loaded, and supposed the load of buckshot was in the left barrel, as usual, as the boy had never interfered with it before. My carelessness, for that's what it was, came very near being disastrous.

Mrs. Birgin was feeling stronger than usual that morning, and we walked a long way from the cabin. One of the servants went with us and carried a big basket of provisions. We camped for lunch in a pretty little ravine over near Little River. After lunch Birgin and myself crossed the little ravine and left the women sitting on the bank. Birgin had his revolver in his belt as

usual and began hammering on a rock looking for specimens, and I sat looking on, with my gun over my knees.

Suddenly I heard a stir in the underbrush on the other side of the ravine. I turned my head, and you can imagine how I felt when I saw a full-grown male panther only a few feet back of where the women sat. It had probably been attracted by the smell of the provisions and was making observations.

I confess I lost my head a little, as I was not hunting for panthers. But then, did you ever happen to meet a full-grown panther in the woods? A panther is a great big cat, and when one is interfered with it is apt to make things lively unless it is disabled with the first shot. Otherwise it is better let alone.

My first thought was to give the panther a dose of buckshot, and I took a quick aim and let go my left barrel, over the heads of the women. I knew by the light recoil that something was the matter, but I could not understand it. I sent the other charge instinctively. The panther was less than one hundred feet away.

You can imagine the effect of the bird shot in the face of a robust and hungry panther. It simply maddened him. The beast prepared to spring upon the women, but I could do nothing with only an empty shotgun. At my first shot Mrs. Birgin had turned and caught sight of the panther just above her, and fell in a dead faint.

The huge beast made the spring, but went wide of his mark and rolled down the bank to the bottom of the little ravine. Birgin had been equal to the emergency. He sprang up instantly when I shot, and drawing his Colt's revolver sent a 38-calibre slug into the panther's right eye. A second slug caught him in the center of the forehead just as he sprang clear of the ground. He just grazed the form of Mrs. Birgin, and was dead before he had rolled down to the bottom of the glen.

Birgin hurried up the bank to attend to his wife, who soon recovered, and I went to look over the panther. Its face and neck were

peppered with the little bird shot, but the empty socket and the hole between the eyes told the story. While I was overhauling the panther, Birgin came down and looked on. "Now I know what I have been practicing all this time for," was all he said. He told me afterwards that he did not wait to fairly get the sights; but his long practice made it impossible to miss his aim.

THE TONIC SOL-FA SYSTEM OF MUSICAL NOTATION.

SECOND STEP.

THE next tones to be learned are *Ray* and *Te*.

These tones should be introduced to the pupils in such a manner as to forcibly impress upon their minds their character or mental effects.

The teacher will announce to the pupils that he is about to introduce another new tone, and request all to listen attentively, while he sings the tones already learned to *la*. The teacher while singing these tones will slip in the new tone, and then ask the pupils who distinguished the new tone to hold up their hands. Ask them which tone of those that were sung was the new tone? The teacher will sing once more, and as soon as the new tone is sung the hands will go up again. The tones may be sung to figures if desired and the pupils may be asked upon what figure the new tone fell.

The name of the new tone is *Ray*.

Where is its position on the Modulator? Is it higher than *me* or lower than *doh*? are questions that might be asked.

The tone *Te* may be introduced in the same manner.

There is also the upper *ray*, *me* and *soh*, called one-*ray* one-*me* and one-*soh*, which can be shown on the Modulator.

Te is known as the sensitive or piercing tone, with a strong leaning towards *doh*.

After the ear has been filled with other tones of the scale, *Te* inspires the mind with a

feeling of suspense accompanied by a strong desire for its resolution in the key tone.

tone and may be illustrated by the following examples :

EXERCISE 24, KEY B \flat .

| d :s₁ | m :d | r :— | r :r | d :— | d :— ||

EXERCISE 25.

:s₁ .s₁ | d :d .d' | r :r .r | s :— | m :— | d ||

EXERCISE 26.

:s | d' :d' .d' | d' :s | r' :— | r :— | m' : r' | m' ||

This is why it is sometimes called the "leading note"—leading the ear to the key note.

The pupils can be shown this by singing the tones up and down, and pausing on *Te*. Ask them if they can be satisfied by resting there.

The manual sign for *Te* is the up turned hand pointing with the forefinger.

The tone *Ray* also excites a feeling of suspense, almost as strong as *Te*, but does not so decidedly indicate its resting tone. The ear is pleased when it rises to *me*, but better satisfied when it falls to *doh*.

Ray is known as the rousing or hopeful

The manual sign for *Ray* is the open hand, fingers upward, palm outward.

The class should now be well drilled in all the tones learned thus far, also, the hand signs and ear exercises, which should be the introduction to every lesson.

The tones *s*, *t* and *r* when sung together are called the chord of *soh*, and *d*, *m* and *s* the *doh* chord.

These chords should be practiced by the class, the *soh* being sung by one part of the class, *Te* by another and *Ray* by a third, making the *soh* chord, and *doh*, *me* and *soh* in the same manner, forming the chord of *doh*.

The following exercises can now be practiced:

EXERCISE 27, KEY E.

GONE IS THE HOUR OF SONG.

ROUND FOR FOUR PARTS.

{ | d' :d' .d' | t :t | d' :— | — :— | s :s .s | s :s | s :s | m :— ||
Gone is the hour of song, | Now let us say to all good night, |
D. C.

{ | m :m .m | r :r | m :m | d :— | d :d .d | s₁ :s₁ | d :— | — :— ||
Sweet sleep and pleasant dreams good night, | Once more to all good night. |

EXERCISE 28, KEY D.

ROUND FOR FOUR PARTS.

{ | d :r | m :d | m :s | s :— | d' .d' :t .t | d' s :m .d | s :s | d :— ||
Sing it over with your might | Never leave it | Never leave it | 'till 'tis right. |

EXERCISE 29, KEY G.

SING WITH GLEE.

{ | s .s :m | r .r :t₁ . | d .r :m .d | s .s :s | m .m :s |
Sing with glee mer - ri - ly, | hearts are beating light and free; | Come a - way |
m .m :d | s₁ .s₁ :s₁ | d .t₁ :d .d | t₁ .t₁ :t₁ | d .d :m |
{ | d .d :m | r .r :s .t₁ | d :— | r .r :t₁ .r | d .m :s |
forth to play 'mid the flow - ers gay, | See the sun shines clear and bright, |
d .d :d | s₁ .s₁ :s₁ .s₁ | d :— | t₁ .t₁ :s₁ .t₁ | d .d :t₁ |
{ | m .m :d .m | r .t₁ :s₁ | s .s :m | t₁ .r :d | r .d :t₁ .s | :— |
Filling all with golden light | mirth and glee | now resound | thro' the woods around |
d .d :d .d | s₁ .s₁ :s₁ | m .m :d | s₁ .s₁ :m₁ | s₁ .s₁ :s₁ .s₁ | d :— |

For Our Little Folks.

MY LITTLE BOY'S KITE.

As I sit at my work by my window

A sound falls on my ear,

That stirs in the depths of my bosom

Sweet memories of one most dear.

Of a golden-haired, brown-eyed laddie,

Who rushes in, joyous and bright,

Crying out: "Oh, do listen, mamma,

To the musical hum of my kite.

"Of sticks, and cord, and silk paper,

With 'humers' and 'cutters' of glass,

She sails above tall trees and housetops,

Till quite out of sight she will pass.

"Oh, mamma! do look where she is sailing,

Till she seems almost lost to my sight;

And just see how gracefully trailing

Is the beautiful tail of my kite."

Yes, those were sweet days of childhood,

When life was all bright and fair,

And never a thought of the morrow

Came to burden the heart with care.

When the golden head slept on its pillow,

Tired out when the day was done,

Nor dreamed of the billows and breakers
ahead,

Nor the battle of life lost or won.

Years have passed and my heart's own dar-
ling

From the mother nest has flown,

To seek in the wide world fortune and fame,

And claim them for his own.

My son, would'st thou seek fame's proud
temple,

Trust in God and do that which is right,

On your standard write "Onward and up-
ward,"

And follow the course of your boyhood's
kite.

N. O. P.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY PUBLISHED IN No.

17. VOL. XXV.

1. WHAT did Governor Ford suggest to the leaders of the Church as the best plan, in his opinion, for them to practice their religion unmolested? A. That the Church as a body go to California, which then belonged to Mexico, conquer the country and establish an independent government there.

2. On receiving this communication from Governor Ford, what did the authorities of the Church do? A. They sent Elders Orson Spencer and Samuel Brannan to interview the Governor, and they asked him and ex-Governor Reynolds, whom they also met, to use their influence to allay prejudice against the Saints.

3. What reply did the Governors make to the requests of the Elders sent to interview them? A. Governor Ford stated that his influence was but nominal, and that he could not trust the best militia in the state to defend the Mormons. Ex-Governor Reynolds said he had endeavored to speak favorably of the Saints, but the mob resisted him and accused him of being a Mormon.

4. On learning the feelings of the executive of the State in regard to the Saints, what did President Young and the Twelve Apostles decide to do? A. To write and send an appeal to the President of the

United States and to the Governor of each state in the union except Missouri, setting forth the grievances of the people and asking their aid in procuring a place of refuge from the attacks of mobs.

5. What replies did the Presidency of the Church receive to their letters to the Governors of the several States of the Union? A. But one Governor, Thomas S. Drew, of Arkansas, answered their letter. He admitted that he would be unable to protect the Saints in Arkansas, and suggested they settle in Oregon, California or Nebraska, where they would be out of the reach of their enemies.

THE following are the names of those who correctly answered Questions on Church History published in No. 17, Vol. 25: H. H. Blood, Sophronia Wood, C. E. Wight, and Rebecca C. Allen.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTROY.

1. WHEN was the Nauvoo Temple first dedicated? 2. Was the Temle finished at this time? 3. During the fall of 1846 what were the Saints preparing for? 4. Were the Saints allowed to prepare for their journey in peace? 5. When was the upper story of the Nauvoo Temple completed and dedicated?

NEITHER hear nor tell secrets.

THE CHILDREN'S STORIES.

IN No. 17 of this paper we printed a picture of a small animal without telling its name, and asked our little readers to find out what it was and write about it. We promised to publish the best written story about this animal. We have received replies to this invitation, and print in this department the two best descriptions.

We also present the picture of another animal and ask our little friends under fifteen years of age to write and send to us a description of it. The best description will be published in this magazine. In writing, give your name and age and the place where you live.

THE CHIPMUNK.

The chipmunk is found in Utah. Its habits of life are very much like that of the squirrel. It is of a brownish-gray color, with white stripes on its back. It is about eight inches long from the end of its nose to the tip of its tail. It has a long, bushy tail, which it keeps turned up over its back. It has large eyes, short ears and sharp claws. It is a mischievous little animal and is very destructive to crops, carrying off grain in large quantities.

I will relate a little incident which occurred some time ago while my uncle was camping out in the canyon. One day, while he was cooking dinner, a little chipmunk kept com-

ing up and taking his vituals. Uncle took the hot lid off from the bake-kettle and laid it down and put a piece of bread on it. Pretty soon the little animal came up and hopped upon the lid to get the bread. When it found that the lid was hot it ran off and did not trouble him any more.

T. C. G.

Pine Valley, Washington County, Utah.

THE CHIPMUNK.

The chipmunk is a little larger than a mouse. It is of a dark gray

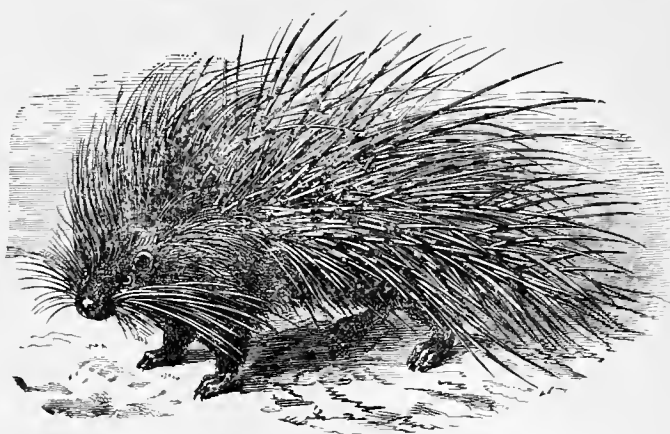
very easily by setting a trap and putting something in it to eat and then go away for a short time.

One spring day I found one and brought it home, thinking it was dead. I laid it down close by the door so the folks could see it, when, to our astonishment, it gave a leap and was off all right.

I have been quite pleased with the nice pieces the children have written, and hope they may continue.

Em., Age 14.

Clear Creek Canyon, Utah.



CAN YOU TELL US WHAT THIS ANIMAL IS?

or a yellowish-brown color, with white stripes on the sides. It has a flat, bushy tail. Its head is more of a thick, chubby nature than a squirrel's, with black, sharp-pointed ears. It lives in a hole which it digs in the ground or a root of a tree. It eats many different things, such as pine nuts, acorns, grain, grass, and all such things.

These animals are very spry: they can run up a tree or a ledge as fast as a squirrel. You can catch them

IT WAS HIS HORSE.

"SAY, friend, you're on my horse," said one gentleman to another as he reined his horse before the door. "Your horse! Oh, no; why, I bought this horse two years ago!" "You did?" answered the other; "well, I lost my horse—it was stolen—just two years ago."

This conversation took place under the far-spreading oaks of an old-time plantation home. A planter was surprised to see his horse return

home after two years and ridden by a gentleman who evidently had bought the horse in good faith.

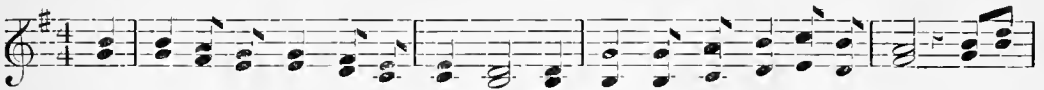
After some conversation the old owner of the horse, with much earnestness, said: "Well, sir, if you will dismount, unsaddle the horse, and he don't go to the fence, take the bars down, walk to the well, and, if he don't find water in the bucket, let it down the well, and then walk off to his old stable, I will give up the horse is not mine." "At your word the horse is yours if he does all that," cried the visitor, and, leaping from the horse, unsaddled it. What was his astonish-

ment when the horse went straight to the fence, let down the bars, crossed over, went to the well, and, finding no water, let the bucket down, and then, as though he had left home but yesterday, walked to the old stable! The animal remembered the trick and the owner recovered his horse.

IN EVERY quarrel, he who is least to blame is generally most ready to be reconciled. Do not forget this; it is worth remembering.

POLITENESS is to do and say
The kindest things in the kindest way.

REMEMBER YOUR PRAYERS.



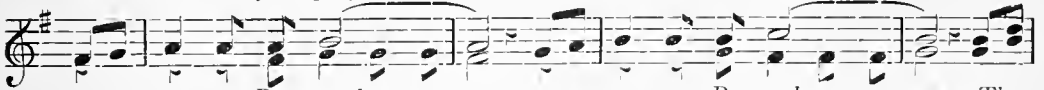
Remember your prayers, little children, Both morning and evening each day; The



Lord is e'er ready to hear you, He loves all His children who pray.

CHORUS.

Re - mem - ber your prayers, . . . Re - mem - ber your prayers, . . .



Re - member your prayers, Remember your prayers, The



Lord is e'er ready to hear you, He loves all His children who pray.

Remember your prayers, little children,
Forget not this duty so plain;
In faith if you'll pray God to bless you
Your asking will not be in vain.

Remember your prayers, little children;
If trials you may have to bear

Ask God for the strength to o'ercome them
And He will then guide you with care.

Remember your prayers, little children,
Give thanks to your Father so kind
For all the great blessings He gives you—
All good things in life that you find.

No. 4. Key B Flat. M. 120. HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS.

WORDS BY T. HASTINGS.

Treble	d :— :t ₁ ..l ₁	s ₁ :s ₁ :s ₁	l ₁ :d :l ₁	l ₁ :s ₁ :	m :— :r..r
Alto	Hail to the	brightness of	Zion's glad	morning!	Joy to the
Tenor	d :— :d..d	d :d :d	d :d :d	d :d :	d :— :r..r
Bass	Lo! in the	desert rich	flowers are	springing,	Streams ever
	d ₁ :— :d ₁ ..d ₁	d ₁ :d ₁ :d ₁	f ₁ :f ₁ :f ₁	d ₁ :d ₁ :	d :— :t ₁ ..t ₁

d :d :t ₁	l ₁ :s ₁ :fe ₁	s ₁ :— :	d :— :t ₁ ..l ₁	s ₁ :s ₁ :s ₁
lands that in	darkness have	lain!	Hushed be the	accents of
fe ₁ :fe ₁ :s ₁	m ₁ :r ₁ :r ₁	r ₁ :— :	m ₁ :— :s ₁ ..f ₁	m ₁ :m ₁ :s ₁
prophets of	Israel fore-	told;	Hail to the	millions from
r :r :r	d :t ₁ :l ₁	t ₁ :— :	d :— :d..d	d :d :d
copious are	gliding a-	long;	Loud from the	mountain tops
l ₁ :l ₁ :s ₁	d ₁ :r ₁ :r ₁	s ₁ :— :	d ₁ :— :d ₁ ..d ₁	d ₁ :d ₁ :m ₁

f :f :m	m :r :	s :m :f	s :t ₁ :d	f :m :r	d :— :
sorrow and	mourning:	Zi - on in	triumph be-	gins her glad	reign!
s ₁ :s ₁ :s ₁	s ₁ :s ₁ :	s ₁ :s ₁ :s ₁	s ₁ :f ₁ :m ₁	l ₁ :s ₁ :f ₁	m ₁ :— :
bondage re-	turning!	Gentile and	Jew the glad	vision be-	hold.
t ₁ :t ₁ :d	d :t ₁ :	m :d :r	m :r :d	d :d :t ₁	d :— :
echoes are	ringing:	Wastes rise in	verdure and	mingle in	song.
r ₁ :r ₁ :d ₁	s ₁ :s ₁ :	d :d :d	d :s ₁ :l ₁	f ₁ :s ₁ :s ₁	d ₁ :— :

THE YEAR 1900.

THE following explanation is given why the year 1900 will not be counted among leap-years:

The year is three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours and forty-nine minutes long; eleven minutes are taken every year to make the year three hundred and sixty-five and one-fourth days long, and every fourth year we have an extra day. This was Julius Cæsar's arrangement. Where do these eleven minutes come from? They come from the future, and are paid by omitting leap-year every hundred years. But if leap-year is omitted regularly every hundredth year, in the course of four hundred years it is found that the eleven minutes taken each year will not only have been paid back, but that a whole day will have been given up. So Pope Gregory

XIII., who improved on Cæsar's calendar in 1582, decreed that every centural year divisible by four should be a leap-year after all. So we borrow eleven minutes each year, more than paying our borrowings back by omitting three leap-years in three centural years, and square matters by having a leap-year in the fourth centural year. Pope Gregory's arrangement is so exact, and borrowing and paying back balance so closely, that we borrow more than we pay back to the extent of only one day in three thousand eight hundred and sixty-six years.

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1 30 p. m.	2 15 p. m.	† 2 55 p. m.	† 4 55 p. m.
2 45 p. m.	3 30 p. m.	5 10 p. m.	5 55 p. m.
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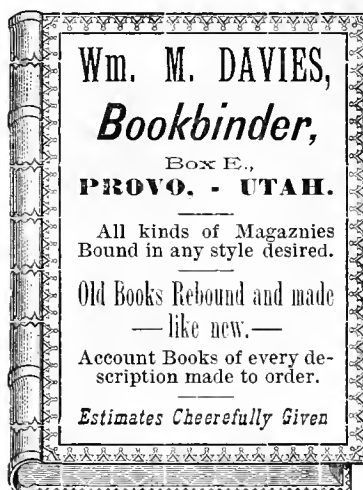
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